

DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852.

NO. 16.

Dwight's Journal of Music,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

21 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

For Rates of Advertising, see last page.

POSTAGE, in advance, for any distance not exceeding fifty miles, five cents per quarter; for any distance not exceeding three hundred miles, ten cents per quarter.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St.

By REDDING & CO., 8 State St.

GEO. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row.

DEXTER & BROTHERS, 43 Ann Street, N. Y.

SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 483 Broadway, N. Y.

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THE OPERA BEFORE MOZART.

[From the "LIFE AND WORKS OF MOZART," by OULIBICHEFF.]

I. ORIGIN OF OPERA, A. D. 1600.

The application of music to theatrical representations goes back as far as these representations themselves. Already with the Greeks music was inseparable from tragedy and comedy; in the Middle Ages it bore a part in the sacred farces, which were called Mysteries, spiritual pieces and sacramental actions; at a later time they used it in interludes and masques. In the ballets they had to have it; and after the pieces had assumed a more regular character, it served, as in our days, to fill up the interacts. Sometimes too, they introduced it into a work as a supplement or an episode. But none of these applications of music in theatrical pieces produced the musical drama, or was even the beginning of the same. Neither of them was a part of the fundamental principle, that song is the *natural language*, or the proper form of truth in Opera, as rhythmical verse is in Tragedy, and that for this reason it must never be interrupted, lest there arise a poetic contradiction and a lie. For the rest, there was more lack of knowledge how to set about it, than of correct aesthetic ideas. As yet there was no style suited to the theatre, and no one who would have understood the need of it. The dramatic style was of no advantage, so long as music did not identify itself with action, but appeared only as something superadded, which might be introduced or left out at arbitrary pleasure. Hymns and choruses of

devils in choral song, popular melodies, dancing tunes, an alternation of instruments and sometimes a sort of musical recitation, full of the most nonsensical extravagance, like the *Ballet comique de la Roynie*, for example:—more than this the public taste did not desire, and in this spectacle everything was in perfect keeping with everything else. Poet and musician could embrace like brothers; neither had ought to object to the other, nor any cause for envy.

On the whole this style was still better than the madrigal style, which prevailed on the stage toward the end of the sixteenth century, of which the *Antiparnasso d' Orazio Vecchi*, played in Modena in the year 1581, affords a proof. In this *commedia armonica* the choruses and monologue together are written in madrigals. Imagine the hero of the piece relating his sorrows or his love in a fugued aria for five voices! The singers were stationed behind the scenes, and the actor, who for the sake of more complete illusion had to observe a singing attitude, performed, as I suppose, a corresponding pantomime.

Several noble Florentines, persons of mind and taste, with GIOVANNI BARDI, Count of VERNIO, at their head, keenly felt the ludicrousness of this application of the madrigal style to the theatre, and the injury that could not but accrue therefrom to the dramatic art. Count VERNIO and his numerous train of friends and *protégés* formed among themselves a literary circle, one of those thousand "Academies" with and without names, which at that time began to cover the peninsula. All these persons were Hellenists, Latinists, Belletrists, Philologists and Archæologists, as well as dilettanti; but it seems that these associates were far better versed in Sophocles and Euripides, than they were in counterpoint. For this reason they must have had even less taste than others for the learned music of their time, which was so little favorable to dilettantism and which, to be enjoyed, required the studies and special knowledges of a professor. Especially offensive to them was the more than inhuman treatment, to which the contrapuntists subjected the poets. We have already seen what a disturbing effect the old fugue style had, not only upon the poetic harmony, but also upon the whole grammatical construction. They repeated the words in *infinitum*; they lengthened out syllables without rhyme or reason; they changed long into short and *vice versa*; they dis-

* Performed at the Court of Henry III., king of France, in 1581.

membered phrases without any mercy; they flung into your ear at the same time the beginning, middle and end of a sentence; the text was nothing but a maimed and undistinguishable corpse, of which it might be said without metaphor: *disjectæ membra poetæ*. For a long time had this insolent contempt, or rather this juggling with the words excited the downright ill will of the literati. To reform the misuse of the music, as it was, would have been of little consequence; the fugue in its very nature was incorrigible. They had to annihilate it; they had to create a new music, which sounded differently from counterpoint and differently from the popular melodies, since these were not worthy to be united with the noble and classic poetry, which, no doubt, our *beaux esprits* of Florence wrote.

But whence should they derive the elements of this innovation? What model should they choose? With whom should they league themselves against the living musicians, if not with the dead, from whom all light and wisdom emanated? So they conjured up the spirit of the Greek music into the hall of the academic fraternity of the palace of Vernio, as the old lawgivers of Harmony had also done six or seven centuries before. This time the spectre answered unintelligibly to the questions put to it. They amused themselves no more with commenting upon Boethius; they let theory alone, and held on exclusively to some ideas, which appeared as certain as they were clear, and from which they could derive an immediate and practical advantage. It was then clearly proved, that the Greeks recited their theatrical pieces with musical accompaniment from beginning to end; that they possessed instruments, which supported and accompanied the voice; that their choruses sang in chorus and their principal characters alone; that their song-speech differed not much from the rising and falling of the voice in words; that they had, properly speaking, no rhythm, &c., &c. These points fixed, and under the personal guidance of Count VERNIO, VIN-CENZIO GALILEI, the father of the great GALILEI, and one of the most zealous champions against the music of the day, made an attempt at a *Monody* (song in one part, solo) or declamation by means of notes. He recited, as well as he could, a passage from Dante, the episode of Count Ugolino, accompanying himself with the lute; and the whole academy clapped its hands with rapture at the this time genuine re-birth of the ancients. All were of opinion that the modern

counterpoint would have to crumble into dust before this phantom, which had about as little form as substance, and which was baptized with the name *stilo nuovo*, *stilo rappresentativo* or *recitativo*, and *musica parlante*. There were, as history informs us, many persons, who made merry about Galilei and his rude style. These were ignoramuses, Contrapuntists and Melodists, who understood nothing of the speaking music, because it talked Greek to them, which to these people was the same as Hebrew.

Highly elated by this success in a small sphere, the society of Vernio resolved to undertake lofty invention on a grand scale, namely on the theatre, which they were to remould, reducing the music to silence and the poetry to singing; since the latter had for a long time ceased to sing, although it obstinately insisted that it sang. The plan was no sooner sketched than it was put into execution. RINUCCINI, one of the poets of the company, made the poem; two other members, who called themselves musicians, PERI and CACCINI, to whom MONTEVERDE afterwards added himself, set the declamation and the orchestral accompaniment to notes, and all Florence, full of admiration, applauded the successive representations of *Dafne*, *Eurydice*, *Arianna*, *Orfeo* and other pieces, which are justly considered as the beginning of opera, although no play in the world could be less like it.

At the same time we must not overlook the fact, that at the time of Giovanni Bardì, the works of PALESTRINA and ALLEGRI already existed; there were church Concertos by VIADANA, which, without ceasing to be church-like, were yet very melodious; there were the madrigals of LUCCA MARENZIO, in which some grace and elegance glimmered through the fugue; there were the madrigals of MONTEVERDE, which had more and better melody than those of MARENZIO; there were even the pretty Neapolitan songs and others, of which we have spoken; in a word, there was good music. To pique oneself then upon so poor a discovery as the *stilo nuovo*, and prefer it greatly to other productions, some of which were excellent, others genial and full of art, and others again pleasing and intelligible to every one, one must needs not only not trouble himself about music, but not even feel it. From this it is clear, that the notion of these moderns turned upon a literary reformation, whose results would surely kill the music and only keep the words alive. They meant to exercise the right of retaliation upon the musicians.

But, I shall be asked, since Count VERNIO and his friends were such poor music-lovers, why did they have their theatrical pieces sung in this way, when the worst ordinary declamation would have been a thousand times better? But do not forget that this protector of writers was himself a very zealous Hellenist, and that in this capacity he must have seen the perfection of the dramatic art in an indissoluble union of poetry with song; a song, to be sure, which was the slave of the words, without melody and without harmony, precisely as that of the Greeks was. He deceived himself as we see, as well in his view of the drama in general, as about the means of the lyric drama in particular; he was deceived altogether; and it was his very errors, his prejudices as a scholar, that led him to so true and so logical a conclusion, in an inverse sense, to-wit: that what was needed on the stage before all was a speaking music

(speaking in every sense; that is to say imitative, analogous, expressive in itself, and therefore just the opposite of his music); and secondly, that the music must never suffer any interruption, after it has once fairly engaged in the action. For VERNIO this meant as much as no harmony, no melody and no musical expression. But to us it means their uninterrupted continuance. To the inventors of Monody, then, belongs the singular glory, of having set forth indeed the true principles, but with a perverted explanation, and if possible a still worse application. It was with them precisely as it was with the alchemists. They found nothing of what they sought, neither the antique song-speech, nor the Greek tragedy, nor its wonderful effects; but the pursuit of this sort of philosopher's stone opened the way to very interesting and valuable discoveries of another kind. Apart from the archaeological reveries and the absurdity of the means they employed, there lay something very rational in the fundamental thought of these Florentine scholars. To restore to the poet his right of being understood, and to knit music to the piece by lasting and indissoluble ties, the necessity whereof no one until then had comprehended, was virtually expressing the great principle of lyric-dramatic truth in its whole extent. An enlightened and fruitful principle, which would necessarily in a later epoch and in more skilful hands bring masterpieces to light. For the learned world it was enough, to have spoken of the path into which it would be best to strike; but there they were destined to stand still and not point out the line of march. All the rest was the affair of the musicians.

It is true, there was a very learned man, MONTEVERDE, who from the outset mingled in the *stilo nuovo* enterprise. Monteverde was the renovator of another kind, and as such exposed to the censure of his brethren. The chagrin occasioned by these criticisms, which frequently were too well deserved, the hope of distinguishing himself in a new career, and perhaps some prompting devil or other, induced him to make speaking music, and while he wished to surpass Peri and Caccini, he spoke even much worse than these men.* It was a just punishment for his apostasy. For a vain idol he had renounced the worship of counterpoint, to which his calling and his real feelings led him. The intolerable theatrical composer afterwards became an excellent first chapel-master to the Church of St. Mark in Venice.

While the Florentine society was applying the representative style to the profane drama, a Roman nobleman, EMILIO DEL CAVALIERE, made an attempt at Sacred Drama, or Oratorio. — Geniuses are sometimes met with, as well as elegant wits. The Oratorio was a continuation of the old "Mysteries" or "Sacred Transactions," which were no longer played, but which continued to be sung in some of the churches at Rome, to attract the multitude. By an exception, however, or a favor, the reason whereof history does not disclose, this sacred drama of Cavaliere's, which was called *L' Anima et il Corpo* (The soul and the Body), was produced in Rome with dances, decorations and all the conditions of an actual play, in a theatre, which lies in the immediate vicinity of the Church of Santa Maria della Vallicella. Cavaliere's Recitative appears to me somewhat less bad than that of the Florentines, inasmuch

* So I judge from the examples found in Burney.

as it approaches nearer to the church song. The choruses are not worth talking about.

A third form, which the representative music soon assumed, was the Chamber Cantata or reciting Drama, which, connected from the first with the fate of the opera, underwent all its gradual modifications, produced masterpieces under the pens of CARISSIMI and SCARLATTI, and as a form became extinct in the wonderful *Orfeo* of PERGOLESE.

The introduction of speaking music had an equally immense result in the sacred as in the profane drama. How are we to explain the applause bestowed on this monotonous and soporific recitation, this tedious psalmodizing, whose form and accent the Russian beggars alone seem to have preserved. This is not the most graceful manner, I admit, of begging alms; but, I maintain, it is the surest way to get it. The most confessed miser could not resist such an appeal two minutes. And yet the *beau monde* of the seventeenth century endured this singing, which lasted whole hours long, yes, and applauded it, was in raptures, inspired, enchanted with it! Was it the music of PERI and CACCINI, that produced this? No, certainly not; one must be more than credulous, to believe that. The men of that time had nerves as well as we; and if anything in the opera pleased them, surely it was not the music; but many other things, which claimed their interest and their feelings, prevented their receiving the entire impression of this music, and made them as it were insensible. The opera at that time was an amusement for princes, a rare and brilliant spectacle, reserved for festival occasions only, whereat the whole pomp of the Court and splendor of the most festal gala was unfolded. *Eurydice*, for example, was given during the festivities on occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. with Maria di Medicis. If one had the honor to be admitted to festivals of this sort, he felt too comfortable and too happy; at all events the eyes were much too busy, to allow of analyzing the elements of a play with a calmly attentive and critical spirit. The ensemble of the spectacle delighted the beholders, and this delight extended also to the music, to which they scarcely listened.

Moreover, one fact stands established, which proves to demonstration into what contempt the speaking music fell with the Italians from the moment that the novelty was over. After the opera had descended from its lofty sphere, and become transformed into a mere industrial enterprise, the *Impresa*, which happened about the middle of the seventeenth century, the *entrepreneurs* in their announcements mentioned neither the name of the poet nor of the composer. On the contrary the name of the machinist was printed in big letters. So words and music passed for nothing in the opera! Naturally an exhibition, so entirely empty in both those respects, could only interest and sustain itself by great scenic outlay. Recourse was necessarily had to all the childish tricks, which catch the eye; mythological divinities were suspended by cords from heaven, or ascended through trap-doors out of Tartarus; the stage swarmed with nymphs and satyrs, whose gambols, peals of laughter, jokes, and amorous toyings charmed the public; and, to crown all these wonders, they made whole squadrons of cavalry manœuvre on the stage in pieces, in which the heroes of Greek and Roman history appeared;

the public was more interested in the horses than in the riders, as might be expected. Between these two classes of persons there was not an equal chance. The singers did not sing and scarcely played, whereas the horses of the seventeenth century may be supposed to have possessed some of the talents of our horses.

The play in Italy, then, was constructed precisely like that afterwards in France, which the contemporaries of Louis XIV regarded as the general focus of the fine arts, and as the wonder of wonders. QUINAULT, the king's twenty-four violins, and above all the money of the king, gave to BAPTISTE LULLI in fact some advantage over his Italian predecessors; BOILEAU was not the less the best judge in France, when he said, that no-where can one have such costly ennui, as at the Opera.

[To be continued.]

Berlioz's Opera: "Benvenuto Cellini," and Liszt at Weimar.

We translate from the correspondence of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* an outline of the plot of BERLIOZ's opera, brought out by LISZT, with his usual hospitality to new things, at Weimar. The writer's own impressions of the music, and of Liszt's management in the favored position he now occupies, will also be read with some interest.

"Giacomo Balducci, treasurer to the Pope, has a beautiful daughter, Theresa. Two lovers seek her hand: Fieramosca, sculptor to the Pope, and Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine goldsmith. The first is favored by the father, the latter by the daughter. While Balducci has left his house, having been summoned late in the afternoon to the Pope, Cellini slips in to his sweet-heart; and while they sing a tender duet, Fieramosca too arrives. He watches them and overhears Cellini ask his love to betake herself with her father at nightfall to the square Colonna; it is Carnival time, and Cassandro, a Roman comedy-manager, is to bring out a new comedy there, and while all are unsuspectingly enjoying themselves, Theresa is to be abducted by two monks, one wearing a brown, the other a white cowl. These two monks are Cellini and his pupil Ascanio. Suddenly Balducci comes home; he is angry at his daughter's staying up so late, and in his astonishment leaves the door open, behind which Cellini quickly hides himself. Theresa, who had been aware that they were overheard by Fieramosca, sees the latter on her father's entrance conceal himself in her sleeping chamber, and so excuses her late sitting up, on the ground that a strange man has slipped into her chamber; while Balducci investigates the matter, Cellini escapes; but Fieramosca is dragged out, and the women and maids of the neighborhood called in, who hunt him about the room and drive him out.

"The Second Act is played on the Square Colonna, at the corner of the Corso. In the background, Antony's pillar, on the right a popular theatre, on the left a tavern.

"After an Aria of Cellini, in which he utters some harmless reflections on his art and his beloved, there rings out a chorus of goldsmiths, probably the friends and workmen in Cellini's atelier, for he is treating them all. But they have drunk so deeply, that the landlord will not trust any more. Then Ascanio appears as a saving angel; he has obtained gold for Cellini from Balducci at

the order of the Pope; but Cellini is not to come into possession of it, unless he takes an oath to finish on the morrow the statue, for which Rome has so long waited. (This statue is neither more nor less than his Perseus). Cellini and his comrades take the oath, to be sure, but at the same time also swear to help carry off the old Balducci's daughter. Fieramosca and his friend Pompeo, a bully, have overheard them and resolved also to don the monk's dress agreed on for the disguise of Cellini and his pupil. Cellini and Fieramosca meet in the crowd in the same dress; they commence operations. Pompeo meddles and is stabbed by Cellini; this causes a general confusion. Ascanio lands Theresa safely in Cellini's dwelling. Fieramosca, taken for Cellini, is put in prison, but soon set free again, while they start off anew in search of Cellini. (End of the second act.)

"Cellini seeks refuge, exhausted, in a house, but leaves it at break of day, to join a procession that is passing; the monks' hoods, harmonizing with his own dress, divert the suspicion of the people and he gets safely home, where he finds Theresa and Ascanio. But the joy of meeting is of short duration. Balducci and Fieramosca come, burning with rage, to take away Theresa; Cellini defends her with his sword; then comes the Cardinal with his train, who having investigated the matter, reproaches Cellini with having taken the gold without completing the statue; as a punishment for this and for the abduction of Balducci's daughter, he tells him that another person shall complete the statue; Cellini defends himself to the utmost and, mounting the pedestal with upraised hammer, threatens to dash it in pieces at a blow. This brings the Cardinal to terms, and the artist promises to cast the statue before morning for him.

"In the fourth and last Act, Fieramosca comes to Cellini again and wants to draw him off from his work by challenging him to a duel. Cellini offers to fight it out on the spot; but the other declines, since, should he kill Cellini in his own house, he would be indictable for murder. So, notwithstanding Cellini's work is so pressing, he betakes himself to a rendezvous in the garden of the cloister of St. Andrew. In his absence an *emeute* breaks out among his workmen, which Theresa tries in vain to quell, and only the re-appearance of Fieramosca, causing Theresa to suspect that her lover is killed, and the imparting of this suspicion to the rebellious workmen, diverts their wrath from Cellini and upon Fieramosca; they jostle him and shake him; then a lot of gold falls from his pocket; he promises it to them if they will at once enter his service; but the workmen, indignant, are on the point of throwing him into the melting furnace, when Cellini appears. He had waited in vain for his cowardly challenger, who only wanted to make him lose time and fail to keep his promise; to punish him, the leather apron is tied about him, and he is compelled to help Cellini's work. The work goes happily on; the Cardinal finds his statue finished and blesses the bond between Cellini and Theresa.

"This story, as a whole, is excellently suited for an opera. The love of Theresa and Cellini affords lyric moments, and the dramatic element pervades the whole: the second Act with its stirring adventures on the Colonna Square, the drinking choruses, the masquerade, the duel, the finale, — verily a less gifted composer than Hector

Berlioz might have better found his account in such a libretto. Until the second finale I enjoyed it pretty well. The Duett of Theresa with Cellini in the first Act, consisting in its first half of *motives* to the introduction of the overture to the Roman Carnival; the Terzetto following it, where Fieramosca, imagining himself unseen, overhears the plan of the abduction; the Drinking Chorus in the second Act, were numbers, of which the musical and in part the melodious design and execution were somewhat easily followed. But in the second finale all went topsy-turvy; and from that point I fared, except in a few single passages, like one waking for a moment out of a deep sleep, to turn over on the other side; I had a few lighter moments in the second finale, when the women during the comedy of Cassandro mutually admonished each other to rest; in the third Act, at the song of the monks: *Rosa purpurea*, &c.; also in the fourth Act, in Ascanio's Arietta, some melodious flights were perceptible; but alas, the clearness lasted only a short time and the earlier disconsolate condition took possession again of the hearer. Yet the composer excites sincere admiration by his iron industry, by his often astonishing instrumental effects, and by certainly very ingenious intentions, which however his poverty in melodious musical thoughts could not bring to pass. The overture to the opera itself, and the overture, immediately following the finale of the first Act, to the Carnival of Rome, stood out beneficently and invitingly like oases from this musical desert. The orchestra played them under Liszt's fiery and masterly leading, with distinguished effect and with artistic feeling. The singers also did what was possible to accomplish the impossible; a feat reserved to the gods alone; since to shape a well ordered melody out of notes and accords is the composer's business. I hazard the bold assertion, that frequently a musical thought, which would have been quite intelligible in itself, was murdered in the germ by the most strange and far-fetched harmonies, which allowed the ear no repose and made any pure and undisturbed emotion quite impossible.

"The Weimar public seemed disposed to condemn Liszt for bringing out this opera, and the dissatisfaction was again and again expressed rather loudly; i. e. not exactly in the theatre and during the representation, but in other public places where the *vox populi* feels more at home. But they were unjust. Apart from the fact that we live in a time, when so very few operas are written, of whose representation it can be predicted whether it will pay for the trouble, Liszt has within a short time brought out two of the most celebrated and ingenious works, the *Tannhäuser* and the *Lohengrin* of Richard Wagner. Only one who is himself a musician and who knows the difficulties which these operas present, can rightly estimate and admire Liszt's high artistic effort; and if any stage is *pledged* to study uncommon and less taking operas, and to produce them even in case that the public does not relish them, it is by all means a Court Theatre, supported, like this, solely by an art-appreciating prince, and opened for the honor and true interest of Art, and not for idle love of show and just to tickle the ears. In harmony with this view, Liszt has comprehended his position only too well and has most brilliantly justified the confidence which the Court has placed in his insight. In other places lighter and more pleasing operas are given, and even

they fall through; this has been the case of late years with all French operas except the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer; out of Italy there comes really nothing more, and the German composers have been seeking since the birth of Christ for good opera texts, in the want of which most of the theatres have necessarily gone to the ground. Little as "Benvenuto Cellini" has taken with the public, still that public remains properly indebted to Liszt's efforts to call into life the works of celebrated composers, even when the reigning taste does not approve them and when he has to risk the mingling of some discordant sounds in the concert of praise which he has been used to hear from his very childhood."

So much, for the present, of Liszt and his encouragement of new things at Weimar. Of Richard Wagner, and of his operas above named and his radically new theory of Opera (and in fact of Musical Art altogether), we shall soon take an opportunity of informing our readers so far as we have been able to inform ourselves.

THE ARTIST.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

He breathed the air of realms enchanted,
He bathed in seas of dreamy light,
And seeds within his soul were planted
That bore us flowers for use too bright,
Unless it were to stay some wandering spirit's flight.

With us he lived a common life,
And wore a plain familiar name,
And meekly dared the vulgar strife
That to inferior spirits came—
Yet bore a pulse within, the world could never tame.

And skies more soft than Italy's
Their wealth of light around him spread,
And tones were his, and only his—
So sweetly floating o'er his head—
None knew at what rich feast the favored guest was fed.

They could not guess or reason why
He chose the ways of poverty;
They read no wisdom in his eye,
But scorned the holy mystery
That brooded o'er his thoughts and gave him power to see.

But all unveiled the world of Sense
An inner meaning had for him,
And Beauty, loved in innocence,
Not sought in passion or in whim,
Within a soul so pure could ne'er grow dull and dim.

And in this vision did he toil,
And in this beauty lived and died.—
And think not that he left his soil
By no rich tillage sanctified;
In olden times he might have been his country's pride.

And yet may he—though he hath gone—
For spirits of so fine a mould
Lose not the glory they have won;
Their memory turns not pale and cold—
While Love lives on, the lovely never can grow old.

The large hall in the school-house of the Public Latin School in Boston has recently been quite tastefully and handsomely fitted up, under the auspices of the Latin School Association, which is a society composed of the alumni of this time-honored institution. The walls have been decorated with niches painted in fresco, before which stand casts of the statues of the Laocoon, Minerva, and the Apollo Belvidere, and busts of Seneca, Socrates, Homer, Virgil, Cicero, and Demosthenes. There is also a fine bronzed cast of Flaxman's Shield of Achilles. There is a portrait of old John Lovell; and a number of engravings, neatly framed, illustrating classical subjects. Many of these are the gifts of individual

members of the association. On a scroll at one end of the hall, opposite the clock, is the legend "1635," the date of the foundation of the school.—*To-Day.*

"NEGRO MINSTRELSY." We confess to a fondness for negro minstrelsy. There is something in the plaintive "Dearest May," in the affectionate "Lucy Neal," and in the melodious "Uncle Ned," that goes directly to the heart, and makes Italian trills seem tame. It is like Ossian's music of memory, "pleasant and mournful to the soul." "Dearest May" has become classic—a sort of *Venus Africanus*, with

"Her eyes so bright they shine at night,
When the moon am gone away."

And "poor Lucy Neal," the Heloise of darkies, her very name has become the synonym of pathos, poetry and love. The whole world is redolent of the sweet and plaintive air in which her charms are chanted; and the beauty of her shining form often comes over us like a pleasant shadow from an angel's wing.

"Oh if I had her by my side,
How happy I would feel."

And as for poor "Uncle Ned," so sadly denuded of his wool, God bless that fine old colored gentleman, who, we have been so often assured, has

"Gone where the good niggers go."

Albany State Register.

[From "Lectures and Miscellanies," by HENRY JAMES.]

On Universality in Art.

[Third Extract.]

Art is nothing more than the shadow of humanity. To make the ideal actual in the sphere of production, in the sphere of work, is the function of the Artist. To make the ideal actual in the sphere of life, is the function of Man. Talent, a healthy organization, knowledge of history or of the past achievements of the race, and an intercourse with nature and society wide enough to educate him out of all local prejudice, these no doubt are indispensable conditions of the Artist's worthy manifestation, but they no more create or give him being, than the elements of nature give being to man.

What the Artist does for us is, not to repeat some laborious dogma learned of nature or society, but to show nature and society everywhere pregnant with human meaning, everywhere pervaded by a human soul. His business in a word is to glorify MAN in nature and in men. All our sensible experience proceeds upon the fact of a unitary and therefore omnipresent soul or life within us. Were this soul or life finite like my body, were it limited by other souls as my body is limited by other bodies: were it in short an intrinsically heterogeneous soul in my body to what it is in other bodies: then all sympathy between me and universal nature would be impossible. Not only would my fellowship with man in that case obviously cease, but my eyes could no longer discern the glories of the earth and sky, nor my nose inhale the fragrance of innumerable flowers, nor my ears drink in the myriad melodies which are the daily offering of earth to heaven. For the splendor of the morning and evening landscape, the fragrance of flowers, and the melody of birds, are not substantial things having their root in themselves; they are merely masks of a certain relation between me and universal nature, of a certain unity between my soul and the soul that animates all things. The landscape is not glorious to itself, nor the flower fragrant, nor the bird melodious; they are severally glorious, fragrant and melodious only to me. The fragrance of the rose, the splendor of the landscape, the melody of the bird, are only an overt sacrament or communion between my soul and their soul, between God in me and God in them. Because an infinite or unitary life animates all things, we never come into outward contact without our inward unity flashing forth in these delicious surprises.

Now the Artist is saturated with this sentiment

of universal unity, this sentiment which binds all nature together in the unity of a man, and he ever strives to give it a perfect expression. Why does he not succeed in doing so? Why does no painter, no poet, no sculptor succeed in snatching the inmost secret of Art, and so making his name immortal?

It is because the inmost secret of Art does not lie within the sphere of Art, but belongs only to Life. Art or doing, as I have said before, is itself but a shadow of the eternal fact which is life, or action. To live or to act is more than to produce: hence the technical Artist has never succeeded and never will succeed in achieving the universal empire which belongs only to Man. The poet, painter or musician is not the perfect man, the man of destiny, the man of God, because the perfect man is so pronounced by his life or action rather than by his production. He is not constituted perfect by any work of his hands however meritorious, but simply by the relation of complete unity between his inward spirit and his outward body, or what is better, between his ideas and his actions.

[Fourth Extract.]

Let us embalm the Artist therefore in our regard for his prophetic worth. Let us freely honor the poet, painter, clergyman, ruler, lawyer, mechanist, for his humanitarian worth, in that his labors have given our earthly life a positive aspect, or changed it from the condition of a mere port of entry to heaven and hell, into an independent kingdom making heaven and hell jointly tributary to itself. But let us honor none of these men for his own sake. None of them is perfect in *se*. None of them exhibits the image of Deity. None of them presents that perfect union of the opposing elements of human nature which constitutes sovereign manhood, and which shall therefore characterize the man of the future. They all exhibit, as I have said, the equilibrium or indifference of these elements, rather than their active union; exhibit in fact a compromise of them, rather than their full and cordial concurrence. They all more or less limit the good element by the evil one, or measure their devotion to the public weal by their own private advantage. No clergyman in the land obeys the pure inspirations of God as manifested in his own soul, but only as sanctioned by certain traditional formulas approved by his sect. No lawyer enforces the principles of absolute justice, but only so far as embodied in certain existing standards. No poet declares the whole truth that trembles upon his soul, nor any painter the ineffable beauty that dazzles his inner vision. For poet and painter, lawyer and priest, are obliged before all things to secure a living upon the earth, and yield to their inspirations only so far therefore as consists with that prime necessity.

These men consequently do not fulfil our human aspiration. They have indeed carried the world onward: to them human history has been indebted for all its vivacity and sweetness: they have preserved our life from indolence, stagnation, and putridity: they may therefore be called true Providential men, men to whom the Lord has accommodated His stature in the past. They are not the Lord, or the complete divine man, but accommodations of him adapted to the conditions of our ignorance, or to the imperfect evolution of human destiny. They are harbingers of the perfect man, the nearest approximation permitted by our infirm science, but they are by no means his veritable self. They bear indeed precisely the same relation to him that the present path of the ecliptic does to the equator, which is a relation of decided obliquity. Philosophers tell us that when the earth shall have attained her true poise upon her axis, the path of the ecliptic will be coincident with the equator, and the rigors of winter and the fervors of summer consequently will alike give place to a new and perpetual spring, which shall bathe the whole earth in gladness. So when humanity shall have attained true moral poise, these men who have hitherto been her ecliptic, who have marked the place of the divine footsteps, who have belted the earth with a Providential lustre, will give place to the equatorial or perfect man, who shall completely reconcile the still disunited elements of good and evil in a new individuality,

which shall carry the dew and fragrance of God into every commonest nook of our daily life, and absorb alike the parched aridity of the saint and the rank fecundity of the sinner in the unity of integral man.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 24, 1852.

Gluck and his Operas.

We took occasion, from the performance at one of our Summer Afternoon Concerts of the Overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, to call up the memory of this renowned and, as he is often styled, "sublime" composer. We introduced him to our readers first in a fantastic light,—that strange, eccentric apparition of him which stood in the chambers of the imagination of his still more eccentric, but appreciating admirer, Hoffman. We propose now a prosaic, literal account of the man and his doings;—a brief abstract, in fact, of what may be read more fully in Fétis, Dr. Burney, and other musical historians.

CHRISTOPHER GLUCK was born, in obscurity and poverty, in the Palatinate, it is generally supposed, on the 14th of February, 1712; though even the year of his birth is matter of much doubt. Neither is his father's profession known. They removed to Bohemia, where at an early age, the boy was left fatherless and without means. But with rare force of mind and will, and a natural instinct for music, he profited by the musical sphere which surrounded him in Bohemia, where in schools and families everybody played or sang. He learned several instruments, and went from place to place, a mere itinerant street musician, anticipating apparently no higher destiny.

But chance led him to Vienna, where he found means of studying harmony and counterpoint. From there he passed in 1736 to Italy, and placed himself under the instructions of San Martini. In four years he felt in a condition to write for the theatre. His first opera, entitled *Artaserse*, was brought out at Milan, in 1741; it was followed by *Ipermestre*, and *Demetrio*, at Venice, (1742); *Demofonte*, at Milan (1742); *Artamene*, *Siface*, *Alessandro nell' Indie*, and *Fédra* (1743-4.)

All these works were in the then fashionable Italian style, which in some respects seems to have been not very far unlike the Italian style in fashion now. That is, it was the style dictated by the singers, filled with the ambitious cadenzas and brilliant melodic common-places in which they loved to display their vocal powers; while less regard was had by the composers to dramatic truth and unity of subject. These first efforts placed Gluck high among composers in this line, and in 1745 he was called to London to write two works for the Opera there. In these he failed; Handel declared them detestable and was prepossessed ever after against the merits of Gluck. In London, too, he was engaged to arrange what was called a *pasticcio*:—a poem set to musical morceaux out of different operas. This first led him to his new ideas of dramatic truth; for he discovered that music, which was very effective in one connection, failed to be so in another; that there should always be a fitness between the music and the words and action.

Accordingly he renounced the Italian School, of which it was said, that "the Opera was a Concert, with the Drama for a pretext."

Returning to Vienna, Gluck composed not only operas, but symphonies, for which latter form he found himself unfitted; music without words was not particularly his vocation. So he set about repairing the defects of his general education, devoted himself to languages and literature, and sought the conversation of fine persons; in all of which he found himself confirmed in his idea of the necessity of a reform in dramatic music.

His growing reputation recalled him in 1754 to Italy. There he wrote several more operas, among others the *Clemenza di Tito* (a subject afterwards chosen by Mozart), the *Antigono*, and the *Telemacco*. A chorus in this last furnished him afterwards with the motive to his overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*; and the overture to *Telemacco* became the overture to his *Armida*.

We now come to the period of his great masterpieces, in which he fully wrought in the spirit of his new idea, and in which alone he lives to us and to the music-lovers of ages yet to come. At Vienna, between 1761 and 1764, he opened this grand series with *Alceste*, *Paris et Hélène*, and *Orfeo*. All his operas before these were but preliminary to the true and full exercise of his genius; mere stages of his wandering apprenticeship in false schools. And now he was forty-six years old, when he attained to clearness of thought and purpose and to the full summer of his creative powers. Of course, in such a revolution as he was undertaking, the cooperation of a poet was indispensable. This he found in Calzabigi, who wrote the libretti of the pieces above named. We translate from M. Fétis:

"Less rich in poesy than Metastasio's dramas, but more happily disposed for music, the poems of these operas present dramatic situations of the finest effect. Nothing could be more favorable to the inspirations of the musician than the fine scenes, where *Alceste* consults the oracle about her husband's fate and devotes herself to save him; nothing is comparable to the magnificent tableau of the second act of *Orfeo*. In this second act Gluck has attained his highest pitch of sublimity. From the first *ritornel*, the spectator has a forefeeling of the whole effect of the scene about to pass before his eyes. The perfect gradation of sensations observed in the chorus of demons, the novelty of forms, and above all the admirable pathos, that reigns throughout the song of *Orpheus*, make this scene a *chef-d'œuvre*, which will resist all the caprices of fashion, and always be considered one of the finest productions of genius."

The scores of these three operas, with the Italian words, were engraved at Paris in 1769. To the *Alceste* and the *Paris et Hélène* Gluck prefixed dedicatory epistles in which he unfolded his ideas of dramatic music, in a much briefer manner than Herr Richard Wagner has been doing in our day. The first of these we translate and let Gluck be his own expositor:

"In setting to music the opera of *Alceste*, I have proposed to myself to avoid all the abuses which the short-sighted vanity of singers and the excessive complaisance of composers have introduced into the Italian Opera, and which, from the most grand and beautiful of spectacles, have made it the most tedious and ridiculous. I sought to reduce Music to its true function, that of sec-

onding Poetry in strengthening the expression of sentiments and the interest of situations, without interrupting the action or chilling it by superfluous ornaments; I believed that music ought to add to poesy, what is added to a correct and well-composed design by vivacity of colors and a happy harmony of lights and shadows, which serve to animate the figures without altering their contours. I have guarded myself carefully therefore against interrupting an actor in the heat of the dialogue, to make him listen to a tedious *ritornel* [piece of instrumental symphony], or arresting him in the middle of his discourse upon a favorable vowel, whether to display the agility of his fine voice in a long passage, or to wait for the orchestra to give him time to take breath for a *cadenza*.

"I have not thought it my duty to pass rapidly over the second part of an air, when this second part was the most important, in order regularly to repeat the words four times; nor to finish the air before the sense is finished, so that the singer may show his ability to vary a passage at his will and in several manners.

"In short, I have wished to proscribe all those abuses, against which good sense and good taste have long cried out in vain.

"I have imagined that the overture should forewarn the spectators of the character of the action about to be placed before their eyes, and indicate its subject; that the instruments should be brought into play only in proportion to the degree of interest and of passion; and that it was important above all things to avoid in the dialogue too marked a disproportion between Air and Recitative, so as not to cut short the period in the wrong place, or interrupt the warmth and movement of the scene *mal à propos*.

"I have believed, too, that the greatest part of my labor should be reduced to seeking a beautiful simplicity, and I have avoided making a parade of difficulties at the expense of clearness; I have attached no value to the discovery of a novelty, unless it were naturally given by the situation and really indispensable to the expression; finally there is no rule, which I have not felt it my duty to sacrifice, if need were, in favor of effect.

"These are my principles; fortunately the poem lent itself marvellously to my design. The celebrated author of *Alceste*, having conceived a new plan of the lyric drama, had substituted for flowery descriptions, for useless comparisons, for frigid and sententious moralities,—strong passions, interesting situations, the language of the heart and an ever-varied spectacle. The success has justified my ideas, and the universal approbation, in a city so enlightened [Vienna], has demonstrated to me that simplicity and truth are the grand principles of the beautiful in all the productions of the Arts," &c., &c.

True Canons of Criticism these, beyond dispute, which every would-be intelligent *habitué* of the Opera will do well thoroughly to consider and digest. We must suspend here our narrative of Gluck until next week. Fairly to understand his position and influence in the development of the Lyric Drama, one should know something of its history from the beginning. We have commenced therefore, in the present number, translating a very intelligent and succinct view of the origin and history of Opera up to the time of Mozart, contained in the admirable biography by a Russian, from which we have heretofore given some instructive extracts.

LECTURES ON MUSIC. We copied some time since a notice of Mr. WILLIAM HENRY FRY's project of a course of lectures, on a gigantic scale, to be delivered in New York, so soon as tickets shall be subscribed for to the amount of \$10,000, to enable him to illustrate his topics by practical performances of specimens of the various styles and forms of musical composition. For this he would employ: 1. A corps of Principal Italian vocalists; 2. A chorus of one hundred singers; 3. An Orchestra of Eighty performers; 4. A Military Band of Fifty performers.

Mr. Fry is a gentleman, who has enjoyed, for an American, rare musical opportunities; is possessed of enthusiasm, taste and large general culture; has himself composed an opera or two in the Italian style, of considerable merit; and more recently, while residing in Paris, has corresponded in a very lively and instructive manner with the *N. Y. Tribune* and other papers, upon musical, aesthetic and social matters. We have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance; but from all we hear of him, we think it for the interest of musical taste in this country that his lecture enterprise should go on, to his own heart's content; and we are glad to learn that his subscription paper, so far, shows good promise.

An idea of the ground which Mr. Fry proposes to go over in his lectures, may be gathered from the following

SYLLABUS.

LECTURE I. Introduction to the general subject.—Music. Musical sounds; definition and characteristics. Music as a language. Its history; its universality. Formation of sounds. Exemplifications, vocal and instrumental.

2. Acoustics. Music as a science at different periods and among different nations. Melody and Harmony. Examples of curious music,—the ancient and the rude. The earliest written choruses. Performance of some remarkable ones by the grand chorus. Simple and scientific music;—the popular and the true meaning of these epithets discussed and illustrated.

3. The voice. Intonation in speaking and singing distinguished. The different qualities and capacities of the masculine and feminine voice. Exemplifications by the principal vocalists and the chorus. Method and style. Sources of expression.

4. The Ballad,—sentimental and descriptive music. Its variations among different nations. National songs, their distinctive features, poetical and musical. Vocal illustrations with and without accompaniments.

5. The Orchestra. All the instruments explained; their past and present treatment by composers practically demonstrated by the great orchestra. Sinfonia and overture. Military Music. Illustrations by the military band.

6. Church, Oratorio, and Chamber Music. Subjects, meanings and aims of the several species. The organ, piano, harp and guitar. Styles of different composers. Performance of selections from rare, curious and great works.

7. Nature and Progress of Musical Ideas. Similarities in the melodic phraseology of different composers,—how far referable to the nature of the art. Improvements in Orchestration, and the general scope of Music. Exposition of the different schools of Music, exemplified in the compositions of old and modern masters. Palestrina, Jomelli, Purcell, Gluck, Handel, Piccini, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, and others. The difference between formal and inspired music.

8. The Lyrical Drama. Origin of the Opera. Its progress and peculiarities on the Italian, German, French and English stage. Defects and merits of the Opera in general, as an exponent of dramatic character, passion and action. Selections from various operas illustrative of these topics.

9. The Lyrical Drama continued. Considerations of the fitness of the English language for dramatic music. Exemplifications in recitatives, arias, etc. The Ballet, its characteristics.—Orchestral illustrations of them. General considerations of the properties of the lyrical stage. Its traditions, requisite reforms, capabilities and influences.

10. The connection between literature and oratory and music. Music as part of a collegiate education. The national defects of intonation and pronunciation. The connection between music and its public diffusion with the national taste in other arts. Its connection with health and morals:—the family circle and society. The dignities and shames of art. The actual relation of the artist to private and public life. His rights under American Institutions contrasted with his disparagement under the ancient and feudal system. American Music. The Artistic Future.

The following hymn, by the Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, of Newport, R. I., was sung at the Festival of the Alumni of Harvard College, on Thursday last.

Tune—Portuguese Hymn.

The God of our fathers, whose providence led
Their wilderness-wanderings, when exiles they fled,
Looks down on their children benignantly now,
And his benison breathes on each reverent brow.

The fair plant of Learning they brought o'er the waves,
Nursed by Faith and by Liberty, towers o'er their graves;
And with health in its branches, the heaven-honored tree
Shades to-day their glad myriads, the grateful and free.

A vision of majesty sweeps o'er the scene;
A voice of old time haunts these arches of green;
The souls of the dead—the immortal—here breathe,
And their peace to unborn generations bequeathe.

May the Lord of Sabaoth, who stretched forth his hand
His people to lead to this bountiful land,
Guide the tribes of their sons, as the ages roll by,
Through their pilgrimage here to the promise on high!

Germania Serenade Band.

The sixth Summer Afternoon Concert, which took place last week, was uncommonly rich. The entire Symphony in E flat, by HAYDN, was performed with much spirit, precision and careful regard to light and shade. In the *pianissimo* passages, especially, the little orchestra evinced conscientious thoroughness of drill, in spite of the tropical weather.

This Symphony is one of the twelve known among our older musicians as the "Salomon Set," which Haydn wrote in his riper days for the concerts of M. Salomon in London. It is one of the most ingenious, elaborate and beautiful of the tribe; so full of variety, so *piquant* in its themes and clear and logical in its development, that in spite of its great length, (occupying over half an hour in the performance,) it seemed short to the delighted listeners.

The Allegro is introduced by a solemn roll of the drum, opening a grave movement; and then the most quaint, lively, cunning little theme sets out in the violins and is worked up with masterly skill of counterpoint and instrumental coloring. The Andante, a very long movement, is singularly beautiful and unique in its style, and full of enchanting variety. The Minuet, at least on a first hearing, was less striking; but the Finale, with a short, sententious subject, closely woven into the different parts in fugued style, impressed us as deeply, as any thing we ever heard of Haydn, with a feeling of his power. Of course this Symphony *must* be played again; it is due to the audience that they should have an opportunity to understand it, which can only be by repeated hearings, in the case of works of this magnitude. Verily we Boston music-lovers have thus far been denied an essential part of our musical birth-right. We have had the Symphonies of BEETHOVEN (for which we cannot be too thankful;) our education, so to speak, began with Beethoven, at the top of the ladder; while of his noble predecessors, HAYDN and MOZART, there has been performed here *almost* nothing,—at least until very recently. We know not of a greater service which an orchestra can do us now—whether it be the Musical Fund, or the Germania, or any other—than to begin systematically to make us acquainted with the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. To this little orchestra, now in the field, many of these

are much better suited than would be the massive C minor and No. 7 of Beethoven, or the Jupiter of Mozart. Where truth and delicacy of outline is the main desideratum, such a band may well undertake to interpret some of the best creations in this form.

At the concert before the last, several of the little pieces from SCHUMANN'S piano forte Album were performed by the brass instruments, as arranged by Mr. SUCK. We were not able to be present.

Yesterday, Gluck's immortal *Iphigenia* overture was to be repeated; also an arrangement for orchestra, by Mr. Suck, of Schubert's *Lob der Thränen* ("Elogy of Tears.")

Musical Journals in New York.

The "*Musical Times*" and "*Musical World*" are hereafter to be united, and published weekly, at three dollars per annum, by MESSRS OLIVER DYER and RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. This arrangement is to commence with a new volume on Saturday, Sept. 4th. Here are editorial talent, means and machinery enough for a good musical paper, and we sincerely hope it will take a high position and find abundant support. Each number is to contain four pages of Music.

The last number of the *World* contains two political campaign songs, one for the Whigs and one for the Democrats!

"*Musical Review and Choral Advocate*." This is a monthly publication, published at 50 cts. per year, in New York, by F. J. Huntington and Mason & Law, 23 Park Row. It bears the names of LOWELL MASON and I. B. WOODBURY, as corresponding editors, and contains selections of music and articles about music, chiefly, though not exclusively, sacred.

The last number is enriched by a piece of Prize Music, called the "Song of Spring," the publishers having offered a premium of fifty dollars for "the best plain vocal composition in four parts." The award was made by a competent committee to GEORGE F. ROOT, Esq., who offered two pieces, both decided by the committee to be superior to all others. The "Spring Song" is certainly very creditable to a native composer, and the *Review* promises the other piece.

Another similar prize is yet to be awarded, for the best *Essay* on a given musical topic.

Prizes for musical compositions appear to us as among the best means of stimulating native musical talent. We command the example to our "Harvard Musical Association," to our Musical Institutes, and indeed to our time-honored Universities, which, to make good so broad a name, ought to include Music among the other "humanities."

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

ANOTHER MUSIC HALL. Our friend, Mr. CHICKERING, has just fitted up an elegant and spacious saloon in his establishment, which will serve occasionally for a Concert-room. It will hold three or four hundred persons conveniently, and do admirably for Chamber Concerts.

The Germania Serenade Band have in rehearsal Mozart's beautiful Symphony in G minor.

ESSEX COUNTY MUSICAL CONVENTION. The musical people of this County propose to hold a grand Convention in Salem, next week, under the direction of our former townsman, B. F. BAKER, of Boston. The meet-

ing will be holden on Wednesday, in Mechanic Hall, and on Thursday at Lowell Island. Messrs. Southard and Cutler will preside at the piano fortes, lectures will be given, skillful vocalists from Boston and other places will attend, and it is expected that at least a thousand musical people will be present. An occasion of much interest may reasonably be anticipated.—*Salem Register*, 22d.

The Choirs of the several churches in Salem made a trip to Lowell Island yesterday—under the musical direction of Mr. Wm. R. Hubbard.—*ib*.

New York.

ENGLISH OPERA is said to be in preparation. The troupe to consist of Madame Anna Bishop, the Seguinis, Aug. Braham, &c., &c., under the management of Mr. Bochsa.

MASTER JULIENNE. This wonderful young violinist, (whose first concert, thinly attended in the hot weather, but unanimously praised, we omitted to notice) is soon to give another concert. He bore off the prize at the Paris Conservatoire, at the age of ten and a half, from thirty-four competitors. He is now a year older, and the best judges pronounce him really a great artist, not in the vulgar sense of a "phenomenon."

SPLendid NEW ORGAN. The *Cleveland Herald* speaks of an organ recently built for the Second Presbyterian church of that city, by Mr. JOHN BAKER, of Boston.

Mr. Baker is from London, and we understand this is the second organ he has built in this country, the first being erected for G. J. Webb, of Boston. He has certainly succeeded in imparting the richest tones and producing a greater brilliancy of its different parts without the usual metallic sounds, than in any organ we have listened to. This art has been acquired by the proper formation and voicing of the numerous pipes, of which this instrument contains some 927 [1,033.]

"Its size is 26 feet in height, by 18 1-2 in width, and 16 in depth. Its exterior finish and architecture are made to conform to the front of the church. It has an extended action, by which the organist is seated in front of the choir. Its cost was nearly \$2,400. The Society for whom it has been built, have been exceedingly fortunate in their selection, and Mr. Baker has established for himself, in the construction of this instrument, a high reputation as an organ builder.

"We understand he is now erecting one for a church at Cuyahoga Falls, of smaller size.

DESCRIPTION.

A painted case with gilt front pipes with double Venetian swell box and shutters; two rows of keys; compass C C to G in altissimo; compass of pedals C C C to D, two octaves and two notes, containing the following stops, viz:

GREAT ORGAN.

1. Open diapason, metal throughout, . . . Pipes, 56	
2. Dulciana from tenor C or C in 2d space to G, . . . 44	
3. Keraulophon " C, . . . 44	
4. Stop diapason treble C, . . . 44	
5. " " bass C C, . . . 44	
6. Principal throughout, . . . 56	
7. Twelfth " . . . 56	
8. Fifteenth " . . . 56	
9. Sesquialtra, . . . 56	
10. Cremona tenor C, . . . 44	
	468

SWELL ORGAN.

11. Double stop diapason tenor C, . . . 44	
12. Open diapason, . . . 44	
13. Stop " . . . 44	
14. Viol de Gamba, . . . 44	
15. Principal, . . . 44	
16. 3 Ranks Cornet, . . . 132	
17. Hautboy, . . . 44	
	396

CHOIR BASS.

18. Bourdon, eight feet, . . . 12	
19. Stop diapason, . . . 12	
20. Principal, . . . 12	
21. Double open pedal bass C C C 16 to D, . . . 27	

Total pipes, . . . 927

SMALL.

22. Copula to unite the great organ to the pedals.	
23. " " choir bass " " " "	
24. " " swell to the great organ.	
25. Pedal octave copula.	
26. Bellows signal.	

CATHARINE HAYES. This popular songstress, after a series of ovations in Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, &c., is last reported at Binghamton, N. Y., where she filled the Methodist church "as full as it could comfortably be." The Binghamton critics distribute justice with an ingenious equality; for instance, (we copy from the *Republican* of the 14th instant):

"The general criticism, as between Miss Hayes and Jenny Lind, is, that the former excels on the *low notes* and the latter on the *high*. (!) We have only to say, we have heard Jenny twice and Miss Hayes once, and 'take it all in all' we prefer Catharine Hayes."

That settles the question forever, we presume.

MME. ANNA THILLON is enchanting the lake cities, accompanied by the Irish comicalities of Mr. Hudson, the violin of Mons. Thillon, and the piano forte of Mr. Holmes. Buffalo and Detroit papers are warm in their praises.

MRS. BOSTWICK, accompanied by Mr. Appy, violinist; Herr Cline, Flutist; and Herr Herold, pianist, is now touring it through the Lake region, taking Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Buffalo and Toronto in her route. After visiting these places, she will return to this city, and favor us with her delightful concerts.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

Our old friend NOVELLI, the *basso profundo* of the Havana opera troupe, which first taught us what Italian opera was, has turned up in Detroit. He was to assist on the 17th, at a *Grand Gift Concert* of Mme. DURAND, an "American vocalist," who seems to have won fame in New Orleans, Pittsburg, Louisville, &c. *Forty-seven lots of fine jewelry* were to be distributed to the fortunate ticket-holders. A sorry business at best, but especially so when we find our artistic Novelli involved in it.

London.

QUARTET ASSOCIATION. The sixth and last meeting took place June 30th. The first piece was a MS. Quartet in G minor, No. 3, by Mr. Macfarren, of which the *Times* says:

"With the exception of his piano forte quintet, in the same key, this work is the best of its author's compositions for the chamber. The ideas flow spontaneously, the character of each movement is well marked, the writing is always clever and ingenious, and the general treatment betrays the freedom and the knowledge of an accomplished musician. That Mr. Macfarren is a master does not admit of a question; whether he is a genius it is less easy to decide; but, at all events, he has approached more nearly to the desired standard than any other Englishman. His quartet was applauded with even greater warmth than on its first performance. The mere fact of having produced a new composition of such genuine worth is enough to entitle the Quartet Association of Messrs. Sain-ton, Cooper, Hill and Piatti, to the hearty co-operation of all real lovers of the higher branches of the art."

Next followed the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven (played whilome in Boston by Adele. Holmstock and her brother), by Madame Pleyel and M. Sain-ton. Then the Quartet in D, No. 63, of Haydn, which the critic above pronounces "one of the least interesting that came from his pen" and "simple almost to puerility." Possibly it is not numbered according to the date of its composition; and we must remember how Haydn first fell into the habit of quartet writing. It began in his visits to a *partie carré* of musical friends, who had just those four instruments, and who plied him steadily to compose them something new, with which to pass away the time. Of course many of the first efforts were light enough; but to these meetings (as the story goes) is the world indebted for so many models in this perfect form.

The last piece was Hummel's Septet, in D minor, Mme. Pleyel at the piano. Says the *Times*: "So striking and faultless an execution of this remarkable work was never heard in England—even when Liszt sustained the piano part." In closing the same writer says:

"The first season of the Quartet Association has been so successful that the directors have announced a renewal of the performances next season. The design of the institution is excellent, and the promises of the prospectus have been carried out to the letter. The novelties have been two quartets of Cherubini (never before attempted in this country), the new quartet of Macfarren, a quartet of Mr. Lodge Ellerton, and a trio of Mr. Luders. The habit of continually performing together (according to the advertised plan of the association) has already brought good fruits, and, even now, it would be hardly possible to hear a quartet played with a nicer observance of detail, and a more satisfactory *ensemble*, than by Messrs. Sain-ton, Cooper, Hill and Piatti, who, though all first-rate executants, cannot fail to benefit and improve by the experience and confidence obtained from constant association. A society based upon such principles as the Quartet Association deserves the support of the musical public, and we heartily wish it success. The analytical programmes of Mr. Macfarren, which are distributed at each concert, add instruction to the amusement derived from the performances; and by the eloquent style in which they are written, and their candid and masterly criticisms, are calculated to advance materially the general comprehension of the art to which they are dedicated."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Quite an event was the *debut* of Sig. DE BASSINI as Figaro in the "Barber of Seville," July 1st.

"For some years Signor De Bassini has enjoyed the reputation of being the most accomplished *basso baritone* in Italy. The principal scene of his exploits has been Naples; but recently, at Vienna, he has managed to maintain his position with as high a hand before the Austrian public as, previously, before the Italian. We may at once say that Signor Bassini's special talent lying in the domain of the modern *opera seria*, where flexibility of voice and vivacity of manner are not demanded, Figaro is among the most unfavorable parts in which he could have made his *debut*. As, however, the unexpected absence of Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli rendered it impossible to produce a tragic opera for his first appearance, Signor De Bassini's acceptance of the part of Figaro must be regarded as an act of courtesy to the management. . . . Signor De Bassini possesses one of the most magnificent barytone voices we ever heard. His appearance is highly in his favor; his figure is tall and manly, and his face decidedly handsome. The want of flexibility, to which we have alluded, was, of course, unfavorably felt in his execution of the florid passages in Figaro's music; but his delivery of the recitatives was excellent, his declamation uniformly good, and wherever he had a *cantabile* phrase to sing he brought down the applause of the house. In comic humor Signor De Bassini is deficient, and equally so in lightness and activity. The audience, however, who could not fail to recognize in him a great artist out of his natural element, rewarded his efforts with the heartiest encouragement. . . .

"Madame La Grange's Rosina, like all she does, is exceedingly clever, and her performance last night, if not strikingly characteristic, was neat and animated throughout. Her singing was marked by her accustomed peculiarities. The 'Una voce' was ornamented in such a manner as to be scarcely recognizable; and the duet 'Dunque io son' was made the vehicle for still greater liberties. Many of the *traits de bravoure*, however, were so extraordinary, and so novel, that they created unmistakable enthusiasm. The greatest defects were noticed in the delivery of the *contralto* passages, which, as Madame La Grange does not possess any legitimate lower tones, we strongly recommend her to modify on a future occasion. In the lesson scene she introduced Rode's air with variations, accompanying herself on the piano forte. In many respects we have never listened to a more prodigious display of vocalization than this. The execution of the last variation, which, in the repetition, was sung *staccato* and *pianissimo*, was perfectly marvellous. So delighted were the audience that they were not content with encoring the air, but would fain have had it a third time—a compliment which Madame La Grange had the good sense to decline."

CRUVELLI had suddenly and unaccountably disappeared from England. This was a new and the severest blow to the interests of Her Majesty's Theatre, already weakened (in spite of the "Committee of noblemen and gentlemen") by the secession of three of Mr. Lumley's best artists—Angri, Gardoni, and Belletti. The papers speculate about Cruvelli's plans; some hint that she is to join the opera at Paris, others that she is coming to America; but it is more commonly thought that she has retired for the present to her native place in Westphalia.

THE WAGNER still remains in London, and is a frequent visitor of both opera houses. It is now said that she will positively make her *debut* in England at the Royal Italian Opera this season, and immediately after her contract with Mr. Lumley expires, July 16th. She has already rehearsed in several operas, and green-room reports say that she possesses a very remarkable voice.

BETTINI had appeared in Ernani, and Pollione, with fair success, though friends of other tenors had caballed against him at Lumley's in the same way that partizans of Grisi and other sopranos combined against Bosio at Gye's.

MR. LOUIS RACKEMAN. The *London Musical World* states that this excellent pianist will soon revisit the United States. He had announced a farewell *Matinée* at the new Beethoven Rooms, assisted by the great violinist, Joachim, the violoncellist, Romberg, &c. We hear privately that Mr. Rackeman has thoughts of making Boston his residence; the pleasant musical memories he left here, long before the visits of De Meyer, Herz and Strakosch, will ensure him, we doubt not, a warm welcome back.

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